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emotion, and to drain, even to exhaustion, the vulgar sources of the pathetic. Modern sentiment, at once feverish and feeble, remains unawakened, except by the violences of gaiety or gloom; and the eye refuses to pause, except where it is tempted by the luxury of beauty, or fascinated by the excitement of terror. It ought not, therefore, to be without a respectful admiration that we find the masters of the fourteenth century dwelling on moments of the most subdued and tender feeling, and leaving the spectator to trace the under-currents of thought which link them with future events of mightier interest, and fill with a prophetic power and mystery scenes in themselves so simple as the meeting of a master with his herdsmen among the hills, or the return of a betrothed virgin to her house.

It is, however, to be remembered that this quietness in character of subject was much more possible to an early painter, owing to the connection in which his works were to be seen. A modern picture, isolated and portable, must rest all its claims to attention on its own actual subject; but the pictures of the early masters were nearly always parts of a consecutive and stable series, in which many were subdued, like the connecting passages of a prolonged poem, in order to enhance the value or meaning of others. The arrangement of the subjects in the Arena Chapel is in this respect peculiarly skillful; and to that arrangement we must now direct our attention.

It was before noticed that the chapel was built between 1300 and 1306. The architecture of Italy in the beginning of the fourteenth century is always pure, and often severe; but this chapel is remarkable, even among the severest forms, for the absence of decoration. Its plan is a pure oblong, with a narrow advance tribune, terminating in a triliteral apse. Selvatico quotes from the German writer Stieglitz, some curious observations on the apparent derivations of its proportions, in common with those of other buildings of the time, from the number of sides of its apse. Without entering into these particulars, it may be noted that the apse is just one-half the width of the body of the chapel, and that the length from the extremity of the tribune to the west end, is just seven times the width of the apse. The whole of the body of the chapel was painted by Giotto; the walls and roof being entirely covered either with his figure-designs, or with various subordinate decorations, connecting and enclosing them. The spectator, when looking from the western entrance towards the tribune, has on his right the south side, which is pierced by six tall windows, and on which the frescoes are therefore reduced in number. The north side is pierced by no windows, and on it, therefore, the frescoes are continuous, lighted from the south windows. The several spaces are occupied by a continuous series of subjects, representing the life of the Virgin and of Christ; the narrow panels below are filled by figures of the cardinal virtues and their opponent vices; on the lunette above the tribune is painted a Christ in glory, and at the western extremity, the Last Judgment. Thus the walls of the chapel are covered with a continuous meditative poem on the mystery

of the Incarnation, the acts of Redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from their scorn or acceptance of that Redemption, and their final judgment.

The first twelve pictures of the series are exclusively devoted to the apocryphal history of the birth and life of the Virgin. This the Protestant spectator will observe, perhaps, with little favor, more especially as only two compartments are given to the ministry of Christ, between his Baptism and Entry into Jerusalem. Due weight, is, however, to be allowed to Lord Lindsay's remark, that the legendary history of the Virgin was of peculiar importance in this chapel, as especially dedicated to her service; and I think, also, that Giotto desired to unite the series of compositions in one continuous action, feeling that to have enlarged on the separate miracles of Christ's ministry, would have interrupted the onward course of thought. As it is, the mind is led from the first humiliation of Joachim to the Ascension of Christ, in one unbroken and progressive chain of scenes; the ministry of Christ being completely typified by his first and last conspicuous miracle; while the very unimportance of some of the subjects, as for instance that of the Watching the Rods, is useful in directing the spectator rather to pursue the course of the narrative, than to pause in satisfied meditation upon any single incident. And it can hardly be doubted that Giotto had also a peculiar pleasure in dwelling on the circumstances of the shepherd life of the father of the Virgin, owing to its resemblance to that of his own early years.

The incidents represented in these first twelve paintings are recorded in the two apocryphal gospels known as the "Protevangelion" and "Gospel of St. Mary."* But on comparing the statements in these writings (which, by-the-by, are in nowise consistent with each other) with the paintings in the Arena Chapel, it appeared to me that Giotto must occasionally have followed some more detailed traditions than are furnished by either of them; seeing that of one or two subjects the apocryphal gospels gave no distinct or sufficient explanation. Fortunately, however, in the course of some other researches, I met with a manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 3571,) containing a complete "History of the most Holy Family," written in Northern Italian about the middle of the fourteenth century; and appearing to be one of the forms of the legend which Giotto has occasionally followed in preference to the statements of the Protevangelion. I have, therefore, in illustration of the paintings, given, when it seemed useful, some portions of this manuscript; and these, with one or two verses of the commonly received accounts, will be found generally enough to interpret sufficiently the mean-

* It has always appeared strange to me, that ecclesiastical history should possess no more authentic records of the life of the Virgin, before the period at which the narrative of St. Luke commences, than these apocryphal gospels, which are as wretched in style as untrustworthy in matter; and are evidently nothing more than a collection, in rude imitations of the style of the evangelists, of such floating traditions as become current among the weak Christians of the earlier ages, when their inquiries respecting the history of Mary were met by the obscurity under which the Divine will had veiled her humble person and character. There must always be something painful to those who are familiar with the Scriptures, in reading these feeble and foolish mockeries of the manner of the inspired writers; but it will be proper, nevertheless, to give the exact words in which the scenes represented by Giotto were recorded to him.

ing of the painter. I have only now to remind the reader, in conclusion, that within those walls, the greatest painter and greatest poet of mediæval Italy, held happy companionship during the time when the frescoes were executed. "It is not difficult," says the writer so often quoted, Lord Lindsay, "gazing on these silent but eloquent walls, to re-people them with the group once, as we know, five hundred years ago, assembled within them: Giotto, intent upon his work, his wife Cinto admiring his progress; and Dante, with abstracted eye, alternately conversing with his friend, and watching the gambols of the children playing on the grass before the door."

EXTRACTS FROM "WILD OATS."

WE are favored with some extracts from "Wild Oats," a volume of poems, by Charles Baggot Cayley, an English poet, the author of an admirable translation of Dante, said, indeed, by competent judges, to be the best extant.

LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS.

I.

Thou lov'st beyond thee what *thou* art for me;
The mountains, and the shores, and woody vales,
Are but designs of nature, which she falls
To perfect, leaving art and poetry
The praise, to lend them life-like unity,
Espousing them to their soul-moving tales;
But Nature in thy wondrous form assails
The mind with art's concentrated potency.
Now let me cope, and cliff, and wild cascade,
Seek for those beauties which thou picturest,
Or guard by skill the tints that should not fade,
Of flower and fern, between white pages prest.
But chide not, flower of women, if portrayed
On the fine tablets of my heart thou rest.

II.

Her tresses, hanging like the snares of men,
O'er dainty crimson and proud white—the fire
Of eyes infusing vague and deep desire,—
All those unmoved beauties felt my ken
Fixed on her, but my fingers shook again,
And seemed at every line their force to tire,
As to the pitch of fancy they aspire,
Making my brain her only portrait then,
For she imprest it, like the sunbeam's power,
In the first break of warm and vernal light,
Painting the opening bosom of the flower,
Which, ever basking, ever grows more bright.
How long a summer was to me that hour!
Whose colors cannot fade from inward sight.

III.

Where waltzing shone your glad, unguarded eye,
That floated with your motion's rippl'd grace,
And gave to music attributes of space,
Methought that I could gaze live or die.
O idle men that change their covering sky
To seek a fancied life on Nature's face,
And burning hills with cold conceit embrace!
I would not thence have stirred a step, not I,
To catch your Mount Vesuvius frookt in fire,
Or see by tropic storms a war-ship wreckt,
Or half the lands which travelled youths admire,
Or, not admiring, prudently affect:
For these may less in germs of thought be sterile,
But nearest *you* find hearts the dearest peril.

IV.

PALINODIA.

I would the lonely shore had been my dwelling,
My fancy minion of the imperial sea,

Spaniel of clouds and billows, only free
From people, of whose ways there is no telling.
With those who love what there is no compelling
Of love to part with, sweet my life might be,
And the lone woods to Nature's Lord for me
Might psalm the thanks, that my mute heart were
swelling.
Now well hath said the Lady Laura's bard,
Most candid here, "Love made me love God less,
Neglect my soul, and give to disregard
All judgment for a lady's gentillesse."
Now Nature's fairest work hath Nature marred,
Proving her self-created fickleness.

THE COOL OF THE MORNING.

Low as I loved in childhood well,
The lips of waves that fling
On tawny sands the pearly shell,
Are murmuring.

From bay so marbled that one light
Curl on it hardly shows:
The boundaries with the sphere unite
In mist that glows.

The gathering ardors of the noon,
The storm, that we may scare;
The solemn pageant of the moon,
Are folded there.

And children play, and counterfeit
The golden shows of life,
Nor guess how parching passion's heat,
How wild is strife;

How weary and how vain their day
To mortals may be given—
How sweet, and grand, and far away,
The looks of Heaven.

SONNET.

So native to thy beauty was my thought,
That still ere I repictured it, there stole
A thirst of vague desire upon my soul,
As odors are from unseen roses caught.
Then, as the stars, in night's pale fillet wrought,
Gleam undividedly, the powerful whole
Of charms, that held me in thy dear control,
Came o'er me, feeling all and measuring naught.
My mind, which harbored thee, was grown so proud,
My tongue, as feeble than my thought, so tame,
My hope was by my daring wish so cowed,
My hand so feeble for my fancy's aim,
That in the world I walked with forehead bowed,
And parted I appeared from life's whole game.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.*

From perfidious eyes of thine,
Laura, when love wounded me,
I had thy right hand in mine,
Smile to smile was beaming free.
One, two, three, four;
Tell of it once, and tell no more!
Who can youth or love restore?

Weary did our souls appear,
Laura, the next time we met,
With suspicion and with fear;
For left hand in left we set.
One, two, &c.

Then was our suspicion laid,
And our fear was far away,
And with all four hands we made
Salutation frank and gay.
One, two, &c.

* Those who are acquainted with the dance of this name will understand the poem—those who are not, may be informed that the particular movements of the dance are accurately noted and moralized on in the poem.

Heart of woman is—compliant;
Single faith begets annoy;
Heart of man is self-reliant,
Unconceding, spurning joy.
One, two, &c.
Still with courtsey and with bow
Meet we, moderate ones! but O
To be hardened, I and thou,
And perform the dos-à-dos.
One, two, &c.

SONNET.

Methinks I could love sorrow for thy sake,
Didst thou but live, to pain me through thy will;
But, since the pulses of thy heart are still,
There is no hope that sorrow's force can break,
Or that from level of the grave can take
My thoughts again. Bright memories, which the skill
Of love preserved as charms against all ill,
Grow dark, and destitute their places make.
And dost thou slumber, when I walk and weep?
Is mourning dying, and is death repose?
Then grant me, lest I die, one hush of sleep
Before thy dwelling, where the violet blows
In the false early spring, that I may keep
At heart, a foretaste of my sorrows' close.

Reviews.

CRAWFORD'S HEBE AND GANYMEDE.— H. K. BROWN'S INDIAN AND PANTHER.

THERE is no law of Art clearer, and few more important, than that which declares that no artist can realize successfully those themes with which he has no national or personal sympathy. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit*—no Greek being given in the artist's composition, no Greek can come in his Art. While the fundamental principles of Art are the same in all times and in all nations, the form of their embodiment must change with each modification in the circumstances of the artist. And to the impossibility of his throwing himself into the situation of men of whose habits of life, modes of thinking, and religious feeling, he can form only the vaguest kind of ideas, there is added the great truth lost sight of almost universally, that if this impossibility were a possibility to him, it were a worthless achievement so far as the influence of his Art on his race is concerned—since, in order to have a work which is achieved under such circumstances, appreciated, the beholder must himself enter the same state with the artist. Greek Art is, and must be for ever, caviar to the multitude, since its *essential principles*, though common to all Art, can only be appreciated by the thoroughly learned, the artist, and the true connoisseur; and its *form* can, under no circumstances, evoke sympathy from a modern man. It is to all intents and purposes a sealed book to the world, only valuable as a study for the higher class of artists, or those who are capable of grasping its essential qualities and reproducing them in such forms as they love.

Before going further, let us understand this Greek Art as far as it is possible for us in these times to do it, which is, after all, we apprehend, only superficially, save in the sense in which Shakspeare understood Roman life when he wrote Julius Cæsar, knowing it, after all, to be human life—and, therefore, the same as his own. And here we wish it to be remembered, that we

speaking with caution and deference, feeling that we may be mistaken from want of sufficient study of Greek statues, and acknowledging that, equal powers of thought and analysis being given, a sculptor would have more knowledge of the principles we are going to speak of, than we, who know very little of them, in a practised sense. Yet these things seem to us evident. The Greek was a philosopher, and his sculpture is an attempt to embody the abstract qualities of mind as his feeling disclosed them in himself. Each distinct form which he produced was the expression of a distinct condition of human existence. Jupiter, Minerva, Mars, Venus were only imaginative forms for attributes which, developed to their height, became, indeed, god-like. The myths, again, were fragments of a system of mystic tradition, to us utterly unintelligible, not crude fancies as we regard them, but absolute psychical truths of the broadest, grandest character.

This is valuable for us to know, that we may understand by what the Greek was animated, and that we may comprehend clearly that he worked from an ideal which he recognized as existing in his spiritual nature, and which became a matter of intuition rather than science, and was recognized by him as a part of the truths of his religion, or, in other words, his spiritual relations; and he himself was great as an artist according to the distinctness of his intuitive perception. We cannot make a greater mistake, therefore, than to regard Greek Art as simply seeking the highest expression of a general human physical perfection, and as resulting in any individual ideal form which shall be more perfect than any or all others. Every truth or attribute demanded a distinct form, *distinct in every particular from every other*, and possessing a proper ideal, to realize which living models could only be of use suggestively, and of which *no* part, probably, could be of use, unless modified to meet the artist's preconceived image. The theory, so commonly received, that ideal beauty is reached by selection and combination of perfect parts of imperfect individuals, could only result in combining into one figure many perfect members which have yet no unity; whereas, by the laws of Greek Art, there are as many distinct ideals as there are conceivable combinations of human attributes—and no one of these would copy any other in the slightest respect, for, as in these combinations each component affects the existence of all the others, so each change in any relation of parts in the embodied ideal, would be conveyed to every other part restoring the equilibrium.

Greek sculpture, then, stands distinguished by two points—its mythic (or religious) motive, and its ideal unity. The former it is impossible now to simulate, since no man can by any idiosyncrasy believe in the Greek religion, or make it felt any other-wise than as a system of idle fancies; and, though by intellectual study he might discover its significances, he could by no means reverence them to such a degree as to make them religious to him. We may, consequently, regard the adoption of the forms of Greek Art, as evidence of want of motive on the part of the artist—a desire to produce without reference to the moral or intellectual worth of the thing produced